VICTORY!

Celebrated by thirty-eight American Poets

BROUGHT TOGETHER BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BOSTON
SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO

FERDINAND FOCH

Le Maréchal de France

INTRODUCTION

LOWELL's great lines ring as true to-day as at the close of the Civil War:—

> Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed,
> For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
> But proud, to meet a people proud,
> With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!

We are humbly and profoundly grateful that now, as in the great crisis of the Civil War, America should have imposed peace with hand close gripping the sword hilt and with the flush in her face that shows her to be Victory's daughter. The nation has not been put to any such terrible trial as in the years that intervened between Sumter and Appomattox, and our service and our sacrifice have been small compared with the service and the sacrifice of France and of England. But before it was too late we did find our souls; before it was too late we definitely shook ourselves free from the crass and ignoble lack of spirituality which found expression in such phrases as being "too proud to fight," as wishing "peace without victory," and as having no concern with the causes and objects of the war that divided the powers of the pit from the powers of light. Our help was of vital consequence and turned the scale, and with blood and tears we purchased the right to range ourselves among those peoples who dared stand on the perilous heights of greatness for the sake of a lofty ideal. I am glad that there should be an effort to commemorate the great peace of triumph which we have helped to win

by collecting what our singing men and singing women have written concerning it. Their poems must not merely remind us of the victory as a matter of vainglory; but as a lesson for keeping our bodies and our souls trained to meet the new duties, and the old, old dangers that come with new faces. All experience is an arch, which does not mark the end of effort, but merely opens up new roads of trial and of adventure.

At the end we did well; our many and shameful shortcomings in preparation and output of material were offset by the gallant readiness with which by the million our young men sprang forward to shed their life's blood in the quarrel for right. But we must not treat what has been done as a matter merely, or indeed primarily, for boastfulness. On the contrary, let us learn the lesson in which long ago we should have been letter-perfect. Let us never again be guilty of the sin of the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin; let us hereafter be ready in advance to defend our rights against alien foes with all our hardened might; and let us brace ourselves with steel-hearted resolution and with serene wisdom to grapple with the vitally important problems of peace — just as, if necessary, we will grapple with the problems of war.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

VICTORY!

TO MARSHAL FOCH

By Percy MacKaye

MAGNIFICENT, the hearts of humankind
Exult in joy of this immortal hour
That makes us witness of the awful power
Unleashed of liberty; but deeper-shrined
Than joy our wonder is, that out of blind
Turmoil of peoples, and the twilight glower
Of imminent chaos — pure as Giotto's tower
Poised in the tempest — soars victorious Mind.
Focus of freedom — Foch! Your mind has made
Reason — religion's theme, intelligence —
An anthem rising from the blood-dark sod,
Your brow — a temple where the world has prayed,
Your brain — of myriad souls the single lens:
A burning-glass, held in the hand of God.

AU MARÉCHAL FOCH

Par Percy MacKaye

MAGNIFIQUES, les coeurs des hommes
Bondissent dans la joie de cette heure immortelle
Qui frappe, en nous, le témoignage de puissance
De la liberté furieuse . . .
Mais, ancrée plus profond que la joie, notre surprise émerveillée
Voit, de l'aveugle ruée des peuples,
Et du crépuscule d'un imminent chaos, s'élancer
— aussi pur que le Campanile en équilibre dans la tempête —
l'Esprit victorieux.
Foch! ô foyer de toutes nos franchises . . . Par ton esprit
La raison devient source mystique,
L'intelligence un chant, monté de l'herbe sombre de sang,
Ton front, un temple où le monde a prié,
Et ton cerveau, un centre unique pour des âmes par myriades,
— une lentille ardente, que tient la main de Dieu.

Traduit en français par PIERRE DE LANUX,
Haut-Commissariat de la République française aux Etats-Unis,
Washington, D. C.

TO KING ALBERT

By Josephine Preston Peabody

HE kings of earth are gathered and gone by!—
Sing the four winds of heaven; and with them sing
The high victorious tides that hourly bring
In-rushing message of fresh victory.
And from their places, all the stars that cry
"Onward" to this worn world, with triumphing,
Lean and take heed of one far, flame-lit thing,
One human brightness in its sovereignty.
O king and leader, of a mightier host
Even than thine own,—at last to see thee stand
Fronting the nations of this earth again!
A king, a stronghold;—for the uttermost
Far-follower after light with sword in hand;
Defender of the Faith,—to hearts of men.

TO FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

By Edwin Francis Edgett

ROM Scotland, country of grim
Northern light,
Whose valour down the centuries
long road
Unnumbered men has given to Em-
pire's might,
Into the battle's midst a soldier strode.
Briton and Scot alike, he found his star,
On world-flung missions of supreme unrest,
Soudan, Natal and India called him far
To long-sought visions of imperial quest.
Tumultuous time made sure the threat of years,
The war of wars went on with swift advance,
His country summoned him to higher spheres,
He answered, and the hordes were thrust from France.
Warrior and knight, a greater rank his gain,
A peer of England and of earth's domain.

TO GENERAL ARMANDO DIAZ

By George Edward Woodberry

HED roses through the soft Italian air,
And strew his way with flowers! with laurel crown!
Hunter, who brought the Imperial Eagle down,
Flapping to death o'er Alpine summits bare,
And in the towering passes slew him there—
The Austrian! with death and havoc thrown
From shell-ploughed plain and violated town,
Back from the isles of Venice to despair!
Again the Mincio breathes the wind of fame,
And with the proud Piave rears a crest
Of victory in flood! sound, Rome, his name,
DIAZ! and to the festal world proclaim
Italia Madre, clasping to her breast,
Redeemed, Dalmatia, Pola and Trieste!

TO GENERAL PERSHING

By Amelia Josephine Burr

OU led our sons across the haunted flood
Into the Canaan of their high desire—
No milk and honey there, but tears and blood
Flowed where the hosts of evil trod in fire
And left a worse than desert where they passed.
Your eyes were clear to see the snares that lay
Before those boyish feet that marched so fast—
Your heart and hands were strong to clean the way.
Charged with great cares, your soul did not forget
The anxious women here across the sea.
As might a father for his own, you met
And fought an older foe than Germany.
Now, now at last, back from the silenced guns,
Crowned by our blessings you shall lead our sons!

TO CARDINAL MERCIER

By Charles Hanson Towne

HEN the world rocked in the red tide of War,
And darkness deepened on your tragic land,
You cried your hatred of that evil band
That crushed to ashes all we builded for.
In agony of heart and soul you swore
The Hun should suffer for his burning brand
And the black deeds his brood had foully planned,
As from his face the awful mask you tore.
You were the fearless spirit who could say
Loud words of righteous anger to a world
When in the tempest of despair it whirled.
We needed you on that disastrous day,
With flaming eyes and lip of scorn upcurled,
Soldier of God, immortal Mercier!

TO GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

OUR vision keen, unerring, when the blind
Who could not see turned, groping, from the light,
Your sentient knowledge of the true and right
Has won today the freedom of mankind.
Honor to whom the honor, be assigned,
Mightier in exile, than the men whose might
Is of the sword alone, and not of sight,
You march beside the Victor host aligned.
Had not your spirit led, our ardent youth
Had faltered leaderless, their eager feet
Attuned to effort for the valiant truth,
Through your command alone, rushed to compete
To hold on high the torch of Liberty,
Great visioned soul, yours is the victory.

1918

By Scudder Middleton

I

OW they are watching us from cloud and wave.
Out of the wind and sunbeam, from the dust,
The love, the strength, the beauty that they gave
Are pleading with our hearts to keep the trust.
Shall we shout loud and wave the battle flag;
Be thoughtless in the time of peace and let
The old, black drums of War still call and brag
Throughout the land? Shall we so soon forget
The grace of flesh, the dancer in the brain,
Audacities and dreams and all the truth
Of speech and laughter that the crimson rain
Shattered and took away from lovely youth?
Shall we conceal this shame of War by pride,
Remembering not the things for which they died?

II

Long held content within your seagirt home,
America, you child of work and mirth,
Now you have snapped the ancient bars to roam,
A giant stripling, over all the earth.

Now all the glittering earth is yours to hold:
The million-handed engines and the stone
Piled Babel-wise and all the noisy gold,
The proudest ships the world has ever known.
O child, beware of your heroic part—
The low satanic voice is in your ears.
Look long and deep into that giant heart,
For what you do will make the waiting years!
Not in defeat but in the hour of might
Comes on the test that reads the soul aright.

III

Not now, the new Atlantis of our dream,
But soon—dear, tired people everywhere!
The sun has pierced the smoke: the plow will gleam,
The grain will climb again upon the air;
The honest days will bring the work that heals
Back to the village and the streets of stone;
There will be sweeter music from the wheels,
For hands that make will be the hands that own.
Lead on, brave spirits! Not until we fight
The battle of the mind will life be wise.
Until we are no more afraid of light,
We can not bring our Heaven from the skies.
O I have heard the clear, new bugles blow
Over the English lanes and Russian snow!

THE SMALL TOWN CELEBRATES

By Karle Wilson Baker

WE tumbled out into the starry dark
Under the cold stars; still the sirens shrieked,
And, as we reached the square, two rockets hissed
And flowered: they were the only two in town.
Down streamed the people, blowing frosty breath
Under the lamps — the mayor and the marshal,
The fire department, members of the band,
Buttoning their clothes with one hand, while the other
Clutched a cold clarionet or piccolo
That shivered for its first ecstatic squeal.
We had no cannon — we made anvils serve,
Just as our fathers did when Sumter fell;
And all a little town could do, to show
That twenty haughty cities heaped together
Could not be half so proud and glad as we,
We did. Soon a procession formed itself —
Prosperous and poor, young, old, and staid and gay,
Every glad soul who 'd had the hardihood
To jump from a warm bed at four o'clock
Into the starry blackness. Round the square —
A most unmilitary sight — it pranced,
Straggled and shouted, while the street-lamps blinked
In sleepy wonder.
At the very end
Where the procession dwindled to a tail,

Shuffled Old Boozer. From a snorting car
But just arrived, a leading citizen
Sprang to the pavement.
"Hallelujah, Boss!
"We's whop de Kaiser!"
"Well, you old black fraud,"
(The judge's smile was hiding in his beard)
"What's he to you?"
Old Boozer bobbed and blinked
Under the lamps; another moment, he
Had scrambled to the base about the post,
And through the nearer crowd the shout went round,
"Listen — Old Boozer's going to preach!"
He raised
His trancèd eyes. A moment's pause.
"O Lawd,
You heah dis gemman ax me dat jes' now,
'What's he to Boozer'? Doan he know, O Lawd,
Dat Kaiser's boot-heel jes' been tinglin' up
To stomp on Boozer? Doan he know de po',
De feeble, an' de littlesome toddlin' chile
Dat scream to Hebben when he tromp 'em down,
Hab drug dat Bad Man right down off his throne
To ebberlastin' torment? Glory, Lawd!
De Lawd done drug de mighty from his seat!
He done exalted dem ob low degree!
He sabe de spark from dem dat tromp it out!
He sabe de seed from dem dat tromp it down!
He sabe de lebben strugglin' in de lump!
He sabe de ——"
Cheering, laughing, moving on,
With cries of "Go it, Boozer!" the crowd swirled
About his perch; but, as I passed, I saw
A red-haired boy, who stood, and did not move,

But gazed and gazed, as if the old man's words
Raised visions. In his shivering arms he held
A struggling puppy; once I heard him say,
"Down, Woodrow!" but he scarcely seemed to know
He spoke. The stars paled slowly overhead;
The din increased; the crowd surged; but the boy
Stood rapt. As I turned back once more, I saw
Full morning on his face. And at the end
Of our one down-town street, the laughing sun
Came shouting up, belated, but most glad.

November 11, 1918.

SOLDIERS, BEHOLD YOUR BEAUTY

By Wilton Agnew Barrett

LOW, bugles, blow,
Set the wild echoes calling—
The stars and their troubles are falling, falling, falling!

Soldiers, behold your beauty.

Roll, drums, roll,
Fill the hills and hollows with thunder—
The red stars have gone out, with their wonder, wonder, wonder!

Soldiers, behold your beauty.

With your bayonets aslant as you marched
Were you like a moving ocean in the sun?
With your bayonets fixed when you charged
Were you like the pointed rain-lights of a storm?
Beauty ringed you all about
Wheeling her terrible rout,
Terrible Beauty with her hair
One great red flare
Burning toward the heart of truth
With the glory of your youth?

Blow the bugle and roll the drum.
Soldiers, behold your beauty.

There was the voice of the world calling to you,
The voice of the world that was heaping the battle red:
The guns at dawn are shattering frost and dew,
The guns at night are plowing and sowing the dead.
Each man a seed for a spring to come,
Blow the bugle and roll the drum.
Each seed for a flower of truth,
Through the furrows stride and come,
Lie in a furrow and be dumb,
The world is sowing youth!

There was the shell-fire high against the sky,
The thousand-fingered shrapnel hands
Feeling for flesh and the warm flowers of blood,
The little bullet hole like a red bud
Upon the dusty forehead or the breast,
The bayonet rent, the vermin, and the stench,
The steel and gas-mown trench.
There was the mighty going out of breath . . .

Where your dead lay in still and level ranks
Were they like an ocean sleeping in the sun?
Beauty glimmered in the dews of death
Like the sheen on windrows after storm?
Beauty stood all shaken there
Draping down her hair,
Terrible Beauty in her truth
Gazing with her burned-out eyes
On the glory of your youth?

Let not one corpse lie in the windless earth
And not foretell to you a windy birth
From out that death-impregnated black womb
That is your beauty's tomb—

Birth of a spirit that shall cry, *For what,*
For what, great God of Battles, what—
But to show man a beauty that must rot!

Blow, bugles, it had to be,
While the blood was going down to the sea.
It is over, and man must climb
Painfully back through the years, out of the slime,
He must climb
Till he comes to the place where he found the star
And does not follow again the star
But the truth in men as they are.

It was not in his dream, it was not in his dream—
Beauty so red was not in his dream,
But beauty so red was lying in wait
By his nature's gate
That swings wider than his heart
To let his lightnings dart—
Show it to him, you beautiful ranks,
With your blood-red art!

Soldiers, behold your beauty.

Behold your beauty, what it is—
You who have looked on death by its tossing torch—
Neither the sweet in woman's kiss,
Neither the scorch,
Nor hope nor glory nor anything
That held a touch of starriness will be,
Not even comfort as we've thought of it,
The thing it was, when you have learned.
Answer your bugles, go and see.
At the finish, enough if your travail has earned
The power to love life utterly.

Blow, bugles, blow.
Over the taken wall and away, beyond—
Blow, bugles, blow.
Run on, you beautiful troops,
Till your fierce spirit droops
In what vast realm of even plain
And singing birds and waters and spring rain
And unbefrenzied laughter and natural pain
Such as the children of a new earth need—
Falter not, you who bleed.

Out of the trench they will come and speak the truth,
The earth that was turned to mire they will then appraise,
Name the beast that murdered glorious youth
And chain his tired limbs to their wheel of days.

They will fling the wreath from the bloody head of man,
And strip his form and behold his little girth,
Go back to the earth from which all things began,
Forget the stars and fix their eyes on the earth.

Spring shall come and the trees grow full of leaf,
Man shall lie with woman and she increase,
Autumn shall come and the term of life be brief,
But man will mark that the leaves lie down in peace.

WILD WEATHER

By Katharine Lee Bates

GREAT wind sweeps
Across the world, hurling to heaps
Of gilded rubbish crowns and thrones, mere gleam
And flicker of dry leaves in its fierce path,
A wind whose very wrath
Springs from white Alpine crests of thought and dream.

What sword can quell
An unleashed tempest, and compel
Hush to the thunder, patience to the storm?
The maddened blast that buffets sea and land
Blows under high command,
Rending and riving only to transform.

May its wild wings
Burst the old tanglement of things,
Those withered vines and brambles that enmesh
The leaping foot! May its rough flail destroy
Hedges that limit joy,
Leaving, like rain, a silvery earth and fresh!

Faith shall not quail
For broken branches. Of the gale
Time is a strong corrival and will win;
When hurricane has done its dread behest,
And forests are at rest,
His quiet hand will lead the sunshine in.

THE SOLDIERS SAY

By William Rose Benét

ERIOD. The gilt goes flaking down.
The terrible rod is chipped to wire. The crown
Of the talking god is rusted a bloody brown.

Tinkling it falls with tinny din on the stone.
Splendorous walls gape ruin all their own.
Funerals endlessly circle the throne.

In solemn wise this Thing created law,
Put out its eyes and gabbled that it saw,
Drilled hordes in lies and loosed them for our awe.

Period, to the sentence graved in gold
By brighter blood than ever sparkled of old
From hearts that withstood, from flesh could grip and hold!

From slow, sure brains, that saw and felt and slew
The devil that reigns no more — the devil we knew
With loathsome stains impossible — and true.

But who fed grist to that black-as-midnight mill
Of the Hypnotist? Many. The evil will
Made truth as mist. Now that the guns are still,

There windrows lie of the brave he reaped like grass!
The sun is high. The shrivelled shadows pass.
Red Mockery fades like a ghost from the glass. . . .

Overpowered power that willed the world its den,
The Sorcerer's tower blown into mist again!
Kneel, in this hour, to Men and souls of men!

AMERICA'S HOMECOMING

By Archie Austin Coates

TRAMP, tramp of men,
Men of the East and West,
Men of the North and South,
From Maine and New Mexico,
(They had said we were dead at heart!)

Tramp, tramp of men
Back from the pits of France,
Back from the shambled towns—
Out of the rain of blood.
Rumble and lunge of guns
Blundering down the ways,
Sounding in avenues,
Guns that had dragged the roads
Of France of the million scars,
Sloughing and slipping—and sucking through the mud,
Straining on their chains
With the crashing trucks. . . .
Guns triumphant from France,
Sullen and grim—long stilled.
Men pouring back from France. . . .
(They had said we were cravens all!)

Tramp, tramp of men. . . .
Men—and more of them after!
Back to the Western woods,
Back to New Hampshire hills;

Southerners, Georgia-bred
Soft in their speech and eyes,
Coming — coming — and coming —
Men, and more of them after!
Men that Manhattan gave —
Men from Chicago and Butte,
Men coming back to their desks
But nevermore blind to the stars. . . .
Men of blood and dreams,
Men of purpose and pride.

The march of a million men,
And a million more of them after!
Flooding the Eastern coast
Is American vision and strength,
Tanned from the suns of the steppes,
Ruddy cheeks from Verdun,
Muscles made at Mihiel . . .
(And they'd said we were soft from gold!)

Tramp, tramp of men,
Men and the smell of men,
Swinging shoulders of men,
The sun on their bayonets,
Sun on their flags . . . and scars!
Songs and the laughs of men,
Thoughtful eyes of men
And the crude, broad jests of the male.

Tramp, tramp of men
Fresh from the Flemish hell,
Hot racing blood from the West,
Red with the flame of Youth,
Red with success and joy.

Glory, America men,
America's heart full of song;
America's head in the stars!
America's thundering force
Wreathed and victorious, grand!
And they said we were dead of soul!

VICTORY

By Grace Hazard Conkling

LL this is in our mind and mood:
That Bruges has still a tower of bells;
That Venice tinted like her shells
Shines on undimmed and unsubdued;

That Alsace is a sunrise cloud
Golden with glory of those men
Who gave her back to France again;
That Lorraine speaks of France aloud;

That Amiens stands against the night
Picked out in stars; that Paris lives;
That men no more like fugitives
Need cringe and cower from the light!

Of this and more our joy is made
Who never in our joy forget
That Belgium has not spoken yet,
And for dead Rheims they have not paid!

FIFTH AVENUE AND GRAND STREET

By Mary Carolyn Davies

I SAT beside her, rolling bandages.
I peeped. "Fifth Avenue," her clothes
were saying.
It's "Grand Street," I know well, my
shirtwaist says,
And shoes, and hat, but then, she
didn't hear,
Or she pretended not, for we were laying
Our coats aside, and as we were so near,
She saw my pin like hers. And when girls are
Wearing a pin these days that has a star,
They smile out at each other. We did that,
And then she didn't seem to see my hat.

I sat beside her, handling gauze and lint,
And thought of Jim. She thought of someone too;
Under the smile there was a little glint
In her eyelashes, that was how I knew.
I wasn't crying — but I haven't any
Pride in it; we've a better chance than they
To take blows standing, for we've had so many.
We two sat, fingers busy, all that day.

I'd spoken first, if I'd known what to say.
But she did soon, and after, told of him,
The man she wore the star for, and the way
He'd gone at once. I bragged a bit of Jim;
Who wouldn't who had ever come to know
Him? When the girls all rose to go,

She stood there, shyly, with her gloves half on,
Said, "Come to see me, won't you?" and was gone.

I meant to call, too, I'd have liked it then
For we'd a lot in common, with our men
Across. But now that peace is here again
And our boys safe, I can't help wondering — Well,
Will she forget, and crawl back in her shell
And if I call, say "Show this person out"?
Or still be friendly as she was? I doubt
If Grand will sit beside Fifth Avenue
Again, and be politely spoken to.

We're sisters while the danger lasts, it's true;
But rich and poor's equality must cease
(For women especially), of course, in peace.

THE WORD OF THE WIND

By Louise Driscoll

IND that carries the sound of bells
Far out over the sea,
Why do you bring the word of tears
With the word of victory?

Alas for the little gray houses
And slender poplar trees!
And women who seek what is not found
By any victories!

Wind that speaks to the wings of birds
And knows how they find their way,
Where did you find your sorrow,
Who should be glad today?

In the eyes of little children,
And in the eyes of men
Who have looked upon such things
As must not come again.

Wind that travels the four great roads
And searches the hearts of men,
Now that the war is over shall
We not be glad again?

But still there is sound of weeping,
And women with frightened eyes
Are asking many a question
Where there are no replies;

And the broken slaves come creeping
With terrible tales to tell,
So pity must walk with gladness,
Still close to the brink of Hell.

Wind that has spoken to all the flags
And carried the souls of the dead,
Take our pledge to the Freemen,
They shall be comforted!

Over the flags and the tumult,
This is the one glad voice,
When Freemen speak to Freemen,
Then may the world rejoice!

Then shall the weary captives
Lift up their heads and cheer,
The women's tears shall be wiped away,
And children unlearn fear.

This is the cry of Nations
As broken chains release,
One red word for Freedom,
And one white word for Peace!

THE NEW DAY

By Fenton Johnson

From a vision red with war I awoke and saw the Prince of Peace hovering over No Man's Land.

Loud the whistles blew and the thunder of cannon was drowned by the happy shouting of the people.

From the Sinai that faces Armageddon I heard this chant from the throats of white-robed angels:

LOW your trumpets, little children!
From the East and from the West,
From the cities in the valley,
From God's dwelling on the mountain,
Blow your blast that Peace might know
She is Queen of God's great army.
With the crying blood of millions
We have written deep her name
In the Book of all the Ages;
With the lilies in the valley,
With the roses by the Mersey,
With the golden flower of Jersey
We have crowned her smooth young temples.
Where her footsteps cease to falter
Golden grain will greet the morning,
Where her chariot descends
Shall be broken down the altars
Of the gods of dark disturbance.
Nevermore shall men know suffering,
Nevermore shall women wailing
Shake to grief the God of Heaven.
From the East and from the West,

From the cities in the valley,
From God's dwelling on the mountain,
Little children, blow your trumpets!

From Ethiopia, groaning 'neath her heavy burdens, I heard the music of the old slave songs.
I heard the wail of warriors, dusk brown, who grimly fought the fight of others in the trenches of Mars.
I heard the plea of blood stained men of dusk and the crimson in my veins leapt furiously.

Forget not, O my brothers, how we fought
In No Man's Land that peace might come again!
Forget not, O my brothers, how we gave
Red blood to save the freedom of the world!
We were not free, our tawny hands were tied;
But Belgium's plight and Serbia's woes we shared
Each rise of sun or setting of the moon.
So when the bugle blast had called us forth
We went not like the surly brute of yore
But, as the Spartan, proud to give the world
The freedom that we never knew nor shared.
These chains, O brothers mine, have weighed us down
As Samson in the temple of the gods;
Unloosen them and let us breathe the air
That makes the goldenrod the flower of Christ.
For we have been with thee in No Man's Land,
Through lake of fire and down to Hell itself;
And now we ask of thee our liberty,
Our freedom in the land of Stars and Stripes.

I am glad that the Prince of Peace is hovering over No Man's Land.

THE DUAL BIRTH

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

AT the rumor of truce a glory of joy broke loose,
A jubilant frenzy that made the earth tremble,
That surged to the stars, snuffing out Mars.
Tension found its excuse, reserve forgot to dissemble;
Youth snapped convention's noose, old age grew young:
The rumor was false, but true was the victory sung.

False was the rumor, but real the triumph behind it;
The false became true, for sterling the die that designed it.
Then rapture took wing and rose on victorious pinions
Whose flutter was music to the hearts which long had been breaking,
Whose rush was a gentle caress to the bruised and the aching,
Whose thunder was doom to the monarch of might and his minions.

Oh, rapture took wing; exultant, triumphant, it mounted;
Defeats were forgotten; only the victory counted:
Not only victory over the brutal demented,

But victory by the crusaders, America, France,
England and Italy, all ancient friction repented,
Now one with a cause where reason was one with romance.
True was the truce. God grant the truth of the peace!
God grant true vision to power, true courage to right!
God hasten the dawn of the hour when hatred shall cease!
God end forever the nightmare that makes day night!
God close and lock and seal forever the door
On this terrible Hundred Years' War crushed into four!

Body and soul the world of our fathers is changing:
Systems, that fettered like ice, like ice in the spring
Melt and are gone; free currents rise rearranging
Frontiers wherein true freedom shall be king.
Man is reborn, re-souled. God make him worth
The joy and anguish of this dual birth.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

By Elizabeth Hanly

THOUSAND whistles break the bonds of sleep
With swift exultant summons wild and shrill;
Impassioned tongues of flames toward heaven leap
To tell us peace has come. The guns are still.

A thousand flags have blossomed in the air
Like poppies in a garden by the sea.
Beyond the eastern hills a golden flare
Foretells the day that broke on Calvary.

Long-darkened Liberty uplifts once more
Her torch on Belgium, Poland and Alsace
And Flanders — on each desecrated shore.
Slow dawns the sun; and on my mother's face
The look, I think, that Mary must have worn
In Galilee on Resurrection morn.

BUILDERS OF BABEL

By Elias Lieberman

HE builders of Babel have babbled
their last for the ears of men;
And their Tower of Curses has fallen,
never to rise again.

All through the blowy darkness they
toiled at the hideous thing,
While the bull-frogs croaked their chorus and the
treacherous bat spread wing.

With crumbling brick they fashioned, with rotting wood
they wrought
A Tower of Lies in the darkness, swift as a sinful
thought.

With hammer and saw they builded, with cunning and
skill they planned
A Tower of Lust in the darkness to dominate all the
land.

And it seemed to rise with their toiling, to rear its head
to the skies,
While the owl in the brooding darkness pierced the air
with his cries.

A wolf howled a dirge . . . and ravens circled the
menacing head
That rose in the wind-swept darkness like a ghost from
the tombs of the dead.

But neither the bat nor the ravens, the frogs nor the screeching owl,
Nor the blows of a thousand hammers, nor the plaint of the wolf-hound's howl

Seemed half as weird in the darkness as the ape-like men who swung
From pillar and ledge and girder, cursing with blasphemous tongue.

And the noise of their toil in the darkness, the welding of iron bars
And the clatter of bolt and rivet went echoing up to the stars.

But what is the use of iron and even of steel white-blue
When the brick at the base is crumbling and the wood of the walls wears through?

And what can avail the builders, though ever so hard they plod,
When the souls of women and children bear witness against them to God?

A flash from the sullen heavens, a bolt from the angry skies
And the Tower of Hatred toppled never again to rise.

The builders of Babel have babbled their last for the ears of men;
And their Tower of Curses has fallen, never to rise again.

SEW THE FLAGS TOGETHER

By Vachel Lindsay

REAT wave of youth, ere you be spent
Sweep over every monument
Of caste, smash every high imperial wall
That stands against the new World State,
And overwhelm each ravening hate,
And heal, and make blood-brothers of us all.
Nor let your clamor cease
Till ballots conquer guns.
Drum on for the world's peace
Till the Tory power is gone.
Envenomed lame old age
Is not our heritage,
But Springtime's vast release, and flaming dawn.

Peasants, rise in splendor
And your accounting render,
Ere the lords unnerve your hand!
Sew the flags together.
Do not tear them down.
Hurl the worlds together.
Dethrone the wallowing monster
And the clown.
Resolving only that shall grow
In Balkan furrow, Chinese row,
That blooms, and is perpetually young,
That only be held bright and clear

That brings heart-wisdom year by year
And puts this thrilling word upon the tongue:
"*The United States of Europe, Asia and the World.*"

"Youth will be served," now let us cry.
Hurl the referendum.
Your fathers, five long years ago,
Resolved to strike, too late.
Now
Sun-crowned crowds
Innumerable,
Of boys and girls
Imperial,
With your patchwork flag of brotherhood
On high,
With every silk
In one flower-banner whirled,—
Rise,
Citizens of one tremendous state,
The United States of Europe, Asia and the World.

The dawn is rose-dressed and impearled.
The guards of privilege are spent.
The blood-fed captains nod.
So Saxon, Slav, French, German,
Rise,
Yankee, Chinese, Japanese,
All the lands, all the seas,
With the blazing rainbow flag unfurled,
Rise,
Rise,
Take the sick dragons by surprise,
Highly establish,
In the name of God,
The United States of Europe, Asia and the World.

A MEASURE OF THE IMMEASURABLE

By Benjamin R. C. Low

TWO boys on crutches — leg off at the knee —
In a quick crowd that squandered victory.
Above, bare branches and November glow —
The Twilight of the Gods: tin horns below.

. . . . . .

Saint Michael, done by Raphael, drives down
On ugly Satan, fallen, all a-frown,
Against good rock. He might be crawling there,
Slimed from the sea-caves, not star-gleaned from air.
But note his trident, supernatural strong:
The height of God is proved in each bent prong.
Two boys on crutches; not November skies,
But great Saint Michael's glory in their eyes:
A look, through rifts, where blinding flower-buds blow —
The uncut floor of Heaven they know — they know;
A look beyond raw mountain peaks of pain
To that old Dragon quaking earth again.
He reckoned with the numbered names of things,
Telling his beads on scientific strings.
It looped no Beauty or Divinity,
That abacus, that wicked rosary.

Then, in the dawnlight of his chosen day,
Waked, armed, thronged, sang, fought, bled, killed, conquered — they.

. . . . . .

The thick cloud clears, the dreadful storm bears by:
Old stars, still, still, burn true; old faiths hold high.
Nay! — voluble crowd, but there was Victory!
The height of God — those legs off at the knee.

THE WORLD'S PEACE

(To the Spirit of F. E. D.)

By Edgar Lee Masters

LORY to Joffre, glory to Haig, glory to Foch,
Glory to Diaz, glory to Pershing for strength in battle
For the glory of England, glory of Italy, glory of France,
And the imperishable glory of America!

But glory forever to Albert upon whose throne
The foot of the giant Blunderbore tripped.
And to Lloyd George, England's servant, glory;
And to Clemenceau, faithful commoner of France.
And glory to him who sounded the trumpet of Time
As Luther did: We can do naught else,
Here we stand, God help us! Glory to him
Who rang the bell of Philadelphia,
Not to our land, but to the world, proclaiming
Liberty to the world and the peoples thereof!

But glory and memory to the unseen, to those
Who seem to sleep, yet live
Through us and in us to instruct, command:
To Milton, to Mazzini, Garibaldi,
To Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rousseau,
To Franklin, Jefferson, Paine,
To Washington, to Jackson, to Lincoln

Through whom governments of the people have multiplied
And have not perished from the earth.

But glory to all who strove in the realm of thought
For liberty and peace and the right of life;
To those defeated, buffeted, misunderstood
For the sake of Liberty.
To Adam Smith, Henry George, Karl Marx,
Shelley orating in Dublin and hooted,
Camille Desmoulins firing and leading the mob;
To all the world's fools, passionate hearts,
Lovers of men,
Upon whose coffins rattled the clods
Of the world's contempt.

But glory to the nameless millions in all ages
Who died to set us free,
The infinite dust in the firmament of Time
Through whom the Eternal Light
Reflects its splendor to our eyes,
And without whom the Eternal Light
Had not lighted the darkness of the world!
Eternal glory and memory to these — the youths,
The countless millions
Who sleep on the battlefields of Europe,
And over this rolling globe of toil and hope!

But glory to the immortal human heart
Which fails not, is not cast down,
Does not surrender, which flames forever
The flame of liberty, consumed and yet remade.
To the spirit of the human heart all glory
Whose love feeds on the Past,

And drinks from sacred fountains,
And dreams of heaven on earth;
Sustains and soothes and builds,
Transmits its treasures, is immortal
Through hearts to be.

And O ye to whom this day of tumult
Will be the silence of the written page,
Remember us!
Be ye swift runners with the torch
We hand to you!

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

IT was three slim young wraiths that met in the heart of a great playground,
And two of them watched the shining sports in the fields that ringed them round,
But one of them bent an earthward ear to follow a far-off sound.

"Listen," he cried, "they *know*, down there! Oh, don't you hear the bells?"
"Not I," said one with a wise young smile. "I used to hear the shells. . . .
Not now; oh, not for ages now! I came from the Dardanelles."

"I from the Marne," the third one sighed, "but these are only names.
Eh bien, mon vieux, one must forget those little strifes and fames!
Here is the host of Golden Lads who play at golden games."

But the new boy ran to the turf's green rim and bent with an anxious frown,—

"It's the curfew bell! I hear them cheer! It's my little own home town!
I hear my Dad! I can almost *see*—" and his eager gaze plunged down.

"Soon, *mon ami*," soothed the dark-eyed wraith, "these teasing dreams will cease!
One plays all day, one leaps the stars, one seeks the Golden Fleece!"
Still the new boy turned his white young face from the Land of the Great Release—

"*But I was killed two hours ago, while they signed the terms of peace.*"

ON THE DAY OF ACHIEVEMENT

By Edward J. O'Brien

S their body was woven of stars, and their spirit was woven of light,
So shall our body and blood be woven of day and of night,
Day of the spirit's conquest, night of remembered pain,
Earth and wind and water, flame and flowers and rain.

Body and blood in the image of those who died for the gleam,
Drifting dust like they, but drifting dust with a dream,
Weaving the Mystical Rose out of laughter and labor and tears,
Apart from them through the days, but one with them in the years,
We are their will made flesh, and we are stern to command
That those whom they went forth to slay shall not rise transformed in our land.

One with those who went down through the iron years to death,
They rise again in our dream, as their dust is stirred with our breath,

And out of that generous dust the years shall blow not away
Stirs the voice of undying youth, arisen once more to say:

"Judge not that ye be not judged; we carried the torch to the goal.
The goal is won: guard the fire: it is yours: but remember our soul
Breathes through the life that we saved, when our lives went out in the night:
Your body is woven of ours: see that the torch is alight."

TO PEACE WITH VICTORY

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

COULD not welcome you, O longed-for peace,
Unless your coming had been heralded
By victory! The legions who have bled
Had elsewise died in vain for our release.

But now that you come sternly, let me kneel
And pay my tribute to the myriad dead,
Who counted not the blood that they have shed
Against the goal their valor shall reveal.

Ah! what had been the shame, had all the stars
And stripes of our brave flag drooped still unfurled,
When the fair freedom of the weary world
Hung in the balance. Welcome then the scars!

Welcome the sacrifice! With lifted head
Our nation greets dear Peace as honor's right;
And ye the Brave, the Fallen in the fight,
Had ye not perished, then were honor dead!

THE NEW JESTER

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

OU that in vain would front the coming order
With eyes that meet forlornly what they must,
And only with a furtive recognition
See dust where there is dust,—
Be sure you like it always in your faces,
Obscuring your best graces,
Blinding your speech and sight,
Before you seek again your dusty places
Where the old wrong seems right.

Longer ago than cave-men had their changes
Our fathers may have slain a son or two,
Discouraging a further dialectic
Regarding what was new;
And after their unstudied admonition,
Occasional contrition
For their old-fashioned ways
May have reduced their doubts, and in addition
Softened their final days.

Farther away than feet shall ever travel
Are the vague towers of our unbuilded state;
But there are mightier things than we to lead us,
That will not have us wait.
And we go on with none to tell us whether
Or not we've each a tether

Determining how fast or far we go;
And it is well, since we must go together,
That we are not to know.

If the old wrong and all its injured glamour
Haunts you by day and gives your night no peace,
You may as well, agreeably and serenely,
Give the new wrong its lease;
For should you nourish a too fervid yearning
For what is not returning,
The vicious and unfused ingredient
May give you qualms — and one or two concerning
The last of your content.

IN THE DAWN

By Odell Shepard

EACE! The perfect word is sounding like a universal hymn
Under oceans, over mountains, to the world's remotest rim.

Light! At last the deadly arrows of the Archer find their mark;
Loathsome forms are shuddering backward to the shelter of the dark.

Hope! The nations stand together on the borders of a dawn
That shall dim the noonday splendor of the ages that are gone.

Peace, and light, and hope of morning! Let the belfries reel and sway
While the world is swinging swiftly out of darkness into day.

Let the forests of the steeples, blown by one compelling wind,
Swing and sway and clash together all the songs of all mankind.

While we roll up out of darkness, out of death, out of the gloom
Of a blighted planet plunging blindly downward to its doom.

Into light beyond all dreaming, into peace, good-will towards men,
Hope beyond the poet's vision, joy beyond the prophet's ken.

Let us pile a fire, O brothers, ere the shades have shrunk away,
Lest dark memories should mock us in the beauty of the day.

Dotard thrones of crumbling empires, broken sceptres, twisted crowns,
Tattered robes of state that wakened terror in the hearts of clowns —

Pile the fire — hut and palace, dens of vice and halls of crime,
Prison-houses of the spirit, moated dungeons caked with slime,

Cynic lies of politicians, secret treaties, pacts of shame . . .
Heap them high and higher, give them to the purifying flame!

As for those who stained the sea ways, fouled the earth and soiled the skies,
Sneering down what men hold holy — we have crushed them in their lies,

Sent them reeling, blind and broken, back into their noisome lair,
To their nest of hissing serpents. Let them writhe and fester there.

God has had them in derision. 'Neath the laughter of the sky
Let them pass unharmed, unhindered, till they earn the right to die.

But all else that skulks in shadow, let it burn! O pile the fire!
Half of history is dying. It shall have a goodly pyre.

We shall cleanse this blood-stained planet of its foulness and disgrace
Till it lifts its head in heaven, looks the grave stars in the face.

Now at last we see our country standing in her place with men;
Never shall the seas divide us from the world's great need again.

That old dream is gone forever that we dwell, serene and far,
With God's special smile to light us, on some steady separate star.

All we are the Old World made us. Where it lost we learned to gain —
Built our triumph on its failures, based our joy upon its pain.

Greece foretold us, Rome foresaw us, gave us beauty, wisdom, law;
France gave vision; England made us strong to win the good we saw.

Weary centuries have struggled upward on a stony way
Just to set the torch of freedom where it flames aloft to-day.

Shall the heritors of ages fail them in their mighty trust,
Let their beacon pine and dwindle, quench its beauty in the dust?

Rather, we must hold it higher, shake its splendor through the sky,
Searching out each nook of shadow till the things of darkness die.

All the old forlorn lost causes, every fair forbidden dream,
And the prophet's holy vision and the poet's beckoning gleam,

All the hope of subject peoples, all the dreams of the oppressed,
Must be ours — our hope, our vision. We can never stay or rest

Till the whole round earth together, to the last isle of the sea,
All our many-languaged kindred, shall be free as we are free.

We are standing in the dawning, in the early dews of time,
On a height the strength of ages has but just availed to climb;

But our gaze is toward a future higher, fairer, mist-encurled,
Soaring starward through the twilight o'er the bases of the world.

Forward, then, and onward, upward, toward the kingly days to be!
All the nations climbing with us, one glad confraternity!

Other days have had their glory, but these days of triumph are
Much the proudest days that ever dawned upon this ancient star.

Rome was mighty, Greece was glorious, great were Thebes and Babylon,
But no dream like ours was ever dreamed beneath an earlier sun.

Wondrous days to be alive in, when with furious might and main
God is fashioning the future on the anvil-horns of pain!

Every life, however humble, takes a touch of the sublime
From the light that bathes our sun-washed pinnacle of dawning time.

All the issues of the future on our present courage wait
As we step forth, calm, undaunted, dare defeat, accept our fate.

ALTARS OF VICTORY

By George Sterling

HESE are they that shook when the feet of War went by.
The Hun and his hate have rent their stones asunder.
Over them the cannon set once a steely sky—
Ruined town and fortress with names of battle-thunder.

Douaumont, Noyon, Cambrai, Montfaucon,
Verdun, Aulynoye and Gouzeaucourt!

To the sound of mighty trampling and shock of iron seas,
Their roofs went down and their walls were beaten under.
Babylon and Tyre had no such end as these,
Ruined town and fortress with names of battle-thunder.

Soissons, Thaumont, Nonsard, Revillon,
Avion, Grandpré, Peronne and Roye!

Cities of destruction, ravaged but august,
Their glory was not for the Teuton horde to plunder—
Goals of huge hopes, mounds of immortal dust,
Ruined town and fortress with names of battle-thunder.

Roulers, Laon, Arras, Courticon, Challerange,
Ronnsoy and Morlancourt!

Over their thresholds young feet shall go again,
Safe from the mire of the Hun's colossal blunder,
Splendor is on them by reason of their slain —
On ruined town and fortress with names of battle-thunder.

Audenarde, Haubourdin, Tournoi, Le Nouvion,
Thourout, Consenvoye and Sivry-sur-Marne!

Of the world's deeper music part now forevermore,
Their fame shall ring afar in shining courts of wonder —
Echoes cast eternal from sounding walls of war,
O ruined town and fortress with names of battle-thunder!

Avion, Grandpré Peronne and Roye!
Charleroi, Longuyon and Hourdomont!

PEACE

By Ridgely Torrence

HEAR in the night the echoing trouble of multiple drums;
Flutes lift their piercing fountains; a shadowy army comes,
The soldiers, the sailors, the banners and the brave.
For we have had a victory and they have had a grave.

I see in clouds the martyrs who burn above the mire,—
The flowerlike, the towerlike, whom Love led through the fire.
They die like their deaths before me, beneath a broken sky;
They light earth's bloody pastures, I hear their dreadful cry.

The house not made with hands once more is overthrown;
The old men's vision failed, the young men's dream has flown.
They turned upon their brothers, how shall they atone?
Awake! Behold the field. For they have slain their own.

RETURN OF THE SOLDIER

By Louis Untermeyer

THE last flash . . . and the hideous attack
Dies like a wisp of storm-discouraged flame;
And soon these battered heroes will come back
The same, yet not the same.

They who have bandied words in No Man's Land
Will never be the old and abject crowd,
They will not grovel and they will not stand
What used to keep them cowed.

They will be dumb no longer, they will speak
In tones they learned beneath a blood-red sun;
A constant menace to the cowardly meek
And to all wars but one.

Strengthened to fight what all the world abhors,
Hypocrisy and squalor and disease,
They will attain, even through war on wars,
What they had lost in peace.

THE WAR AT HOME

By Private Willard Wattles

OD of our fathers, with bowed heads we come
In this glad hour when the unscathed rejoices,
Strike Thou each little boaster awed and dumb
Before the flame of Pentecostal voices.
Our youth has stormed the hosts of hell and won;
Yet we who pay the price of their oblation
Know that the greater war is just begun
Which makes humanity the nations' Nation.

THE NEW VICTORY

By Margaret Widdemer

ICTORY comes:
Not hard and laughing as she came of yore,
Her scarlet arms heaped high with spoils of war;
Her slaves, to beating drums,
Low-bent and bearing gifts . . .
The black cloud lifts.
And, lifting our long-weary eyes to see,
There dawns upon our sight,
Majestic, crowned with light,
Stern and so quiet — she must keep her strength
To build at weary length
Over again, our scarred and shattered world —
This, then, ah, this is she,
Our graver Victory.

She follows down the furrows
War-turned across the world,
Where still the spent shell burrows,
Where the black shot was hurled,
And sows the wheat and corn.
The world, from anguish born
Again from its old grief,
Looks up, athirst
And hungering,
Daring to dream again
Of flowers unhurt, and unstained rain
And love and Spring:

Knowing that she shall build each place accursed
Into a thing that may some day again
Be our once land of comfort and delight,
Of ease and mockery . . .
Even forgetfulness:
Even the gift to bless.

Victory paces slowly through the lands:
No lash is in her hands,
She builds herself no triumph-arch for cover,
No common marble toy—
She is too great for joy.
She who upbuilds
Each little shattered home
And brings men back to it: and lover gives to lover,
And to the shattered soul its faith again,
And to the world continuance of God—
How should our praise for her
In high crowned buildings stand—oh, how be pent
In built or written thing?
The stable world itself is her great monument!

VICTORY—WITHOUT PEACE

By Clement Wood

HE slaughter-bugles screamed once more,
Over the patchwork lands of men,
And scattered, sword-hewn empires tore
Each other's greedy hearts again—

One with a black and boastful greed,
Seeking a red supremacy;
The other with a mumbled creed
That it was armed to make men free.

Each steppe and pampa woke to flame
And joined the berserker advance;
From wild forgotten roads they came,
For the world's roads all led to France.

And now no more the hail of steel
Tortures the lines of brown and gray. . . .
The brief, joy-mad processions reel
And drop . . . and it is peace, men say.

Peace? When wherever men are found
The victors cry, "But just so free!"
And reddened banners spring from the ground,
For freer red supremacy. . . .

A hollow shell of victory,
With war still writhing at its heart;

A clipped and gelded liberty,
Striving to force its chains apart!

Yet solvent love is not too far,
If men grow wise, or mobs stay kind;
And we could calm this troubled star,
Its singing rapture unconfined.

Now take your choice, O you who hoard
Frail-fingered power, weak lordly breath;
Young freedom, or the age-scarred sword,
Which leaves no peace on earth — but death.

WHAT GREW IN JOAN'S GARDEN

By Annette Wynne

HAT grew in Joan's Garden?
(Gather up your swords and come!)
What grew in Joan's garden?
(Calls the clarion; sounds the drum.)

Daisies, pansies, Flemish lilies,
(Warriors, rise ye—row on row!)
Red-hearts, stars, and daffodillies,
(High the dark waves ebb and flow).

Safely trellised, green shoots nestle
(Shout, O Voices, in her ear!)
Farther, higher, strong boughs wrestle,
(On, O on, the day is here!)

What grew in Joan's garden,
In the dawn-sky do ye see?
What grew in Joan's garden?
—God, and France, and Victory!

THE DAY

(*November 11, 1918*)

By Witter Bynner

OT as they planned it or will plan again,
Those captains whose command was forged in hell,
Not as they promised for their terrible
Obedient horde, Teuton and Saracen,
Bulgar and Slav, not as they dreamed it then,
Masters of might with sobs for paeans to swell
Their darkening sway, but like a far-off bell
Undoing night, the day has come for men.

The people's day has dawned, a deeper sky
Than any day that ever rose from sea,
And more than any captain dared is won,
And this great light that opens carries high
Justice that none had dreamed, not even we
Who still are blind awhile, facing the sun.

THE LIVING

November 11, 1918

By Caroline Giltinan

, LAUGHING, try to sing my joy—
For France, dear France, is *free!*
(A widow clasps her trembling hands
And smiles, through tears, at me.)

I gather close the tricolor,
(Oh! visioned, murdered child!)
Embracing so the men of France
Who, through the years, have filed
Across the fields and back again—
It was not *all* "Advance!"
Retreating, one long agony
While keeping faith with France.
The ravaged girls and women
Whose eyes were once so clear—
I sing my song the louder,
Their story not to hear.

If grief be ours, we may rejoice:
Be mute, unless you know
The happiness and anguish
These people undergo.
The fighting has been ended
And fear of further loss;
But France can see It hanging there—
A Figure on a Cross.
For France—France *knows* what Mary felt
And John (who loved her Son)
When Jesus died, a Sacrifice. . . .
Another victory won!

SUNSET

By James Oppenheim

I

1

OW is sunset,
The nightfall lightens
Over the funeral pyre of the Day. . . .

On a balcony we
Sweep the round world whose rim
Is edged with fire. . . .

Unstirring cumulus cloud
Is purple and scarlet . . . bearded cloud of the west
Is incandescent. . . .
Beyond and below
Our planet is a fire, and the flaming
Makes our sky a glory over the dark green Earth. . . .
A painted glory:
No wind breathes:
No tree stirs:
The world of life for a breathless moment
Is ordered and is art:

But we live. . . .

2

Inarticulate, stripped of desire,
Motionless,
We yet live. . . .

Our lifted faces are lighted,
Our bodies are torches touched to the fixed fire of sunset
And kindled with the unburning flame of dream. . . .

We see the little cottage
Painted among the painted trees:
We see the clover fields, lush green,
The western hills, dark blue,
The wild windless garden,
Gray stones. . . .

Daring to tap and crack this glass of silence
A robin tweets. . . .

3

Earth never seemed capable of this:
Her beautiful hours
Sweet with orchards or rough with rain-storm
Or grave with stars
Came with the ease of familiar things
Woven of the weather of the human heart:
But this
Is not of the Earth we know:
And our eyes see
A life or a death beyond and behind, within and without
Our life. . . .

We live, but neither memory
Nor yet vision
Warms the naked moment. . . .
We merely breathe, gaze and wonder. . . .
We only know
That the world of human life is a capsule
Floating in vaster existences,

And that the melting of it
Would be no death
But an emergence.

II

1

Earth, over her rims,
Is a fire. . . .
The human world, builded by hands,
Ivied by ages,
The human soul, born out of nature,
And in splendor of superstition
And tear-bought wisdom
Grown rich and weary,
Are at end of Day,
In sunset. . . .

The magic capsule
Glowing inside with cathedrals and coliseums,
Sounding with an endless song,
Lighted with heroes and with gods,
With dreams swaying crowds,
Is melting. . . .

The world begun by Egypt and Mesopotamia,
Built temple-high by Greece,
And pinnacled by Europe,
Dissolves. . . .

2

We did not know
That the accustomed, the fixed eternal,
Could become a phantom
And fade in dying light of its own sun. . . .

No dream of Doomsday
Could forebode the doom. . . .

But it is here, with the whole planet
Raimented in flame . . .
The whole planet
On its funeral pyre . . .
And the sun sets
That rose on Pharoah,
And the day ends
That dawned with Homer.

3

It ends, yet the spared live;
They live,
But neither memory nor vision
Warms the naked moment;
They merely breathe, gaze and wonder . . .
And the doom falls
On silence.

III

1

They live, and gazing
In this visionary hour
They see a trace of the world outside
The dissolving world. . . .

And they know
That world has been slowly dawning
And the light of its growing dawn
Mingles with this sunset
And gives it this breathless splendor. . . .

That dawn rose
In brains like Galileo's,
Its light gathered
In spirits like Darwin's;
Its kindled sun
Burnt out the old sun,
And the dying creatures of that sun
Sink in the beams of the new human fire-god.

2

Those beams shall break
On the young green of a new spring,
With the nations gathered in a single song
And the bright intelligence
Of a new youth raying through the human spirit . . .
With a new self
For each soul that wins it, orbed like a fresh-born planet,
And swinging in harmony with all other planets;
With a new sky
Storm-cleansed of old demons and gods,
With a new Earth
For new adventures. . . .

3

Those beams shall break
On the second Day of Man:
But in this hour
Of awful sunset
We do not know that Day:
We only know
Our dissolving world floats in a vaster existence,
And this dissolution
Is no death,
But an emergence.

PEACE AT MORNING

By Dana Burnet

I

WAKE at the touch of morning; and the City is shaken with a Song!
Not rapture smoothed and rhythmed, but the wild peal of horns, gongs, whistles, bells and drum-beats,
Making a strange concordance on the air!
Bass-notes of guns and ecstasy of bells—
Bells above all,
Bells bright as water tumbling down a chasm,
Bells like the lost chime of the hammers of Babel!
Bells tracing arabesques of laughter on the discord of the dawn!

I hear a voice in the shadow crying:
"They have signed the armistice; the war is done."
And I lean from my window and see the crowds surging below me, with white hands thrust up as though to shake a music from the stars!
Women with vivid faces, marching, singing,
Dark men of labor, carrying burnished little pails,
That make quick points in the kindling street. . . .
These will not work in the shipyards today, nor in the munition factories,
They will go through the town in long procession, shouting and beating their little pails—
Yet solemn, too, remembering the dead,
Remembering the countless and unutterable dead!

II

Light
Runs on the roofs of the City with a scarlet foot, and the ways of the City are passionate with people trampling out a song!
The Day is like a courier spurring a bright horse, that leaps resplendent out of the East and flings the news before:
"*They have signed the armistice in the Forest of Compiègne. . . .*"
Now triumph wakes, and each articulate spire
Clashes its silver on the answering din—
The sun has thrust a ruby finger into the mist, and tears it, and the banners show through,
So all the housewalls are in color, and the avenues are tremulous with flame!
Trade turns no wheel and profit is abhorred;
Stout Business has forgot its clamoring belly,
For once grows ponderously human, and being pricked with madness,
Decks out the slender arrowy towers of its Temple
With ribbons of ticker-tape, so all the peaks
Are caught in cobwebs. . . .
Rolls the sound along
Like some tempestuous Te Deum played on the great pipes of the town
By multi-fingered Chaos pulling blindly at the stops.
The ships that lie in the harbor — daubed sea-cockles
With grotesque bodies and gray guns poking overside—
Blow their white breath into the blue air
And swell the sonorous choir. No more they need go twisting
Through wreck-strewn waters, or run with smothered ports,

Hugging the darkness, cursing the moon in God's hand,
Dreading the phosphorus that burns their bows
As a necklace burns a woman's throat—
None gladder than the ships,
None more joyful than the ships,
That pen has scratched paper in the hushed railway carriage
In the great Forest at Compiègne yonder. . . .

III

I stand before a window in a lifted wall and the bonds of the horizon are broken,
I look into the bowl of the distance and behold a great matter;
I am aware of trifles.
I see the long quays at Bordeaux, where the wine-carts creak so heavily;
And the smooth gray stream alert with ships,
And the graceful snarl of rigging on the skyline.
I see the old gate through which innumerable days have trailed their evening draperies. . . .
Nearby sits a handsome officer under an awning;
He is reading the news, and drinking a glass of red wine at a blue-topped table,
And occasionally warming himself in the voluptuous glances
Of the slim black-eyed girl who brings his silver. . . .
I see the groups of soldiers in their faded uniforms,
Some whole, some stamping about on wooden pegs,
With bits of precious ribbon on their breasts.
I see the flower venders selling flowers in the street—
One gives a blossom to a soldier who is blind.
I go into the beautiful Cathedral, which stands heaped
Against an ancient heaven,

Like a gray cloud that never comes to storm. . . .
On the threshold sits a beggar without legs;
He is whining for alms and doing a good business,
For have they not signed the armistice in the Forest of Compiègne?
Within the solemn transept, where the eye
Finds melody in every lifted line,
Are gentle constellations scattering star-fire through the gloom —
And the veiled women kneel before the shrines with their hands crossed on their breasts as white as lilies —
O the pale hands on the black cloth!
And they light their slender candles before the image of the Mother of God,
Which is in marble,
And go away, out of the stained dusk that falls through the sacred windows,
To the light in the street, to the light that sears their souls, to the light that must be borne. . . .
What does it mean to them that a paper has been signed in the Forest of Compiègne?

IV

They have taken the hoods off the street-lamps in Paris!
They have set darkness aside.
Like a beautiful woman awakened from hideous dreams,
She issues forth again, in light, in loveliness,
Her shapes and contours flow upon the air
With that hard delicacy which is Gaul —
And following the long gestures of her body
Coils her green river, which she binds to her
With a frozen grace of bridges. . . .
I see a great crowd filling the court of the Invalides —

They are putting fresh flowers on the hood of the eagle
that Guynemer flew. . . .
(Death's but a pillow for the head of fame!)
There looms the proud, prophetic Arch; nor ever has
bestrode
Such triumph as will roll beneath it now!
(A brief month hence through this same Gate of Con-
querors will pass
One from the West, with a plan for everlasting peace in
the pocket of his frock-coat;
He will ride in an open carriage, between rows of slen-
der French bayonets, and receive the hopeful ac-
clamations of the people!)
Here Notre Dame, rare symphony in stone,
Utters a silence more divine than song;
And a mass is going forward in the dim heart of the
Madeleine,
Lo, the bowed benches; and the stout magnificent beadle
asleep in his chair!
In the mists of Paris, where the faces of a hundred
peoples melt and merge,
Are soldiers come from battle, and a slow colorable
whirl of uniforms,
And quiet funerals spinning black threads through the
brilliant boulevards.

V

I look to the North; past the Forest of Compiègne
where the pen
Has scratched the paper. . . .
There's a jagged wall,
Making a grim, dark pattern on the sky —
Ypres . . . which was once a city!
Now behold,

These crosses marching to the horizon —
These graves, like the stilled surges of an ocean dead of grief!
And every mound a nameless Calvary!
O grateful years,
Let Belgium evermore be Britain's monument!
For it was here she stood, invincible,
And paid her life's blood for a rubbish-heap in Flanders. . . .

VI

At Verdun they will have a banquet in the Citadel —
The white-mustached Colonel and his officers;
They will sit at table in the little room where speaks the banner of the legend: *On ne passe pas!*
And they will toast the tidings in a sparkling wine
Drawn from the deep cellars of Champagne —
And the dead houses on either side of the Meuse will smile from their gaping windows,
And the Hall of the Bishops where William of Prussia had planned his feast of victory,
Having invited his generals to meet him there,
Will echo with a ghostly laughter
Mocking down the ages. . . .

VII

In Rheims there will be rejoicing.
The people will come out of their caves and listen to the wonderful stillness, like children listening to a fairy-tale;
And the old caretaker will go into the immortal ruin of the Cathedral,

And twist his hands, and smile faintly up at the face of God peering down through the great hole in the roof. . . .
The Simons will come, who in their generations have tended the glass of the Cathedral these four hundred years and forty,
And will tell how they climbed the high vault and removed the priceless panes under the storm of the First Bombardment, and saved them, and preserved the honor of the house of Simon. . . .
And the ghosts of the past will assemble
In vast mystical array, thronging the gashed doors and filing under the withered flower of the Rose window—
Clovis, the convert; and the Kings of France,
And Joan, most shining maid; and there will fall
A dew of tears, and a dim glamour of sword-fire, and hushed voices chanting a litany of Peace before the figure of the mutilated Christ. . . .

VIII

In the cottage of Domremy the white-haired woman who shows the house to travelers
Will go forth with a soft step into Joan's room,
And kneel down by the little window that looks on the old stone church over the way,
And cross herself slowly, murmuring fragments of prayer. . . .

IX

At Château-Thierry the townsfolk will be strolling out, arm in arm,
Along the bank of the Marne,

Looking at the broken bridge and telling each other in low voices,
How the Americans stopped the Germans and saved Paris;
How men from across the sea, in the country that Lafayette gave his sword to,
Here mended the break in the line,
With their young bodies . . . and went forward,
Day upon day,
Walking into the machine guns, and dropping, and making a path for the future to tread in. . . .

X

All through the Argonne forest where the German military mind
Had made the best hell it could think of,
Are myriads of little wooden crosses
Marking the graves of the American boys
Who died there.
No one could take the Argonne forest until the Americans came. . . .
They have signed the armistice in the Forest of Compiègne!

XI

From Verdun North and East the armies of the New World are marching,
Towards Coblenz and the Rhine;
And before them, as they go,
Blossom innumerable home-made flags,
Blossom and blow in the streets of the villages,
Blossom forth from a thousand places of concealment where the enemy had never guessed they were hidden—

Like an amazing harvest of wind-flowers
Blossom and blow. . . .

XII

Eastward through Belgium recedes the gray tide
Like a foul ocean slinking from the shore
It raged on, yet could never overwhelm;
And after it the flood of civilization flows back. . . .
In Brussels the hero-king comes riding on a great horse,
And the people are filled with the sight of him.
He goes a way of flowers; and the firmament of his brothers' faces is about him;
He mounts his throne, and for a space stands tall,
Holding this moment to his breast, and casting down the long corridors of Time
The shadow of a man. . . .

XIII

In the German Empires is an exodus of kings,
And a popping out of princes
Who fly over the border,
And are buried forever with a paragraph. . . .
Meanwhile the Teutonic revolution marches in good order,
Well-disciplined, and bearing a permit from the police.
Sobriety sits in the government's benches,
And the Left is relegated to the roof!
In the cafés of Berlin the returned army is dancing with its women and trying to forget the war—
Play loudly, musicians, your Viennese waltzes to smother the cries of the daughters of Lille and Louvain. . . .

XIV

Across the North Sea, in gray weather, swims a sullen argosy of ships that once were the playthings of an Emperor;
Tall ships, swift ships, and ships that go in the water like fishes,
Strong ships, costly ships —
(We had poured our gold and silver out to buy these iron chess-men,
It was to have been a mighty game between us and England!
We were to have gambled for the lien of the oceans, and for all the ports that lie scattered like jewels on the world's breast;
But . . . they have signed the armistice, and our pawns were never played!)
Futile and impotent they come, and are met by the ministers of inexorable judgment,
By the fleets of Britain and America,
Not with conclusive thunder-clap, but with silence more conclusive still,
And are gathered to a Scottish harbor, there to lie scowling in the mists —
The Day has dawned; has passed; but not as we had dreamed it. . . .

XV

In a moated castle in Holland sits a man with a shrunken arm;
He is smoking Turkish cigarettes and covering pages of foolscap with explanations of his innocence in the matter of the Blood-Storm —
There is a wall about him as of bodies heaped one upon another; and he walks in a fog of faces.

The eyes of the dead are on him, so he is never alone.
He sits at his endless Protest, crying his case into the teeth of the silence, and wondering whether he was an instrument of divinity after all. . . .

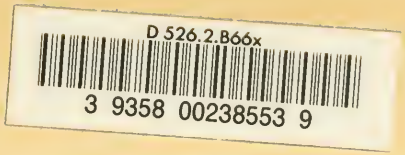
XVI

Out of Russia, where the feet of Christ are bleeding on the snows,
Stalks a new phantom, wearing a coat of rags—
A huge and haggard figure, gaunt of visage, pale with hunger,
Whom high oppression had conceived out of the womb of Want when it was still the abominable custom of these two to lie together—
Yonder he strides, with a terrible countenance, and would cool his thirst at the waters of God's justice;
Is called a beast, but is only a ravening child. . . .
Few recognize, in such a dangerous outcast, the figure of eternal Freedom groping for its soul!
Already the forces are gathering to strike him down,
For he bears a banner, strange and misinterpreted; a banner of one color, of one meaning—
The emblem of the universal State which is but Love made comprehensible!
Too, has he not a creed which says: who lives must labor, who sows must reap, who toils must have the triumph of his toil?
Take him of him, O World, for he shall rend you and change you—
You shall feel his burning rags upon your bosom e'er the day be spent;
You shall lie with him in the abysmal night,
And wake with him after agonies,

And find him as a new-born child upon your breast at morning. . . .

XVII

I stand before my window in the dawn, and the East is like an altar covered with a rich cloth;
In the deep aisles of the City are passionate marchers trampling out a Song,
And the towers are all in silver!
A great clangor is making tidal rhythms in the street,
Beating against the housewalls with a tossed surf of bells—
And I hear a voice in the tumult crying:
"They have signed the armistice! The task is done. . ."
A toy balloon, gay colored, rises suddenly into the air, goes floating off upon a brilliant voyage, is pricked by a sunbeam, and vanishes. . . .
Earth, are you such a bubble? Will you pass thus briefly into dissolution, stabbed by some lightning out of the enkindled void?
Were it not better, then, to dance than to dream—?
To die in peace rather than to live in travail—
Nay! For we tremble on the verge of immortality; and who shall therefore haste to spend his light?
O Shape beyond the altar of the morning, substance of God, or shadow of mankind—
Grant me, I pray, the valor of the Vision,
That I may use whatever transient hours are mine
To live, to labor and to love!
They have signed the armistice in the Forest of Compiègne—
The task is just beginning. . . .



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Braithwaite, William Stanley Beaumont
Victory! Celebrated by thirty-eight American poets. Boston, Small, Maynard, 1919.

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